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LOUDON:

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1852.

From the Franklin (Tenn.) Home Press.
COL. GENTRY'S SPEECH.—The announcement that Col. Gentry would address his constituents, last Saturday, drew together a very large crowd, and we have never seen the Court House so crowded to hear any man speak as it was on this occasion. Satisfied as every man must be who knows Col. Gentry, that no other than the highest motives of patriotic devotion to his country and the peculiar interests of his section, of the Union, could induce him to stand aloof from an active participation in a canvass involving questions of paramount importance to the South, and refuse to act in concert with his old political friends and associates, the public anxiety has been daily increasing to know from his own lips the causes that determined his course in the canvass just closed. Hence we were not surprised that at an early hour of the day the Court House was overflowing, and many unable to gain admittance, had to retire without hearing his speech.

Col. Gentry commenced speaking about ten o'clock and spoke more than two hours. We do not intend to attempt a report of his speech, as it is his purpose to write it out and print it from his own notes, when we will publish it so that such of our subscribers as had not the opportunity of hearing it, may read and ponder upon it at leisure. The speech contains many mighty and important suggestions as to our true interests, present and prospective, which are eminently deserving the attentive consideration of every patriot and lover of his country. Of the speech, although we differ in some points as to opinions expressed by him, in the main, we will say that it met our most cordial and earnest approbation.

As an effort of oratory, we have never listened to a speech more replete with "thoughts that breathe, and words that burn." It was a bold, chivalrous, impassioned vindication of his right to think and act for himself, regardless of party dictation, and untrammelled by any obligation other than those imposed by his sense of duty to himself, to his country and to his constituents. That Col. Gentry has been steadily and consistently true to what he believed the best interests of his constituency and his country, we think no man who heard him will doubt. And we believe, when his course and motives become generally understood, that the good men of every faith will respect and honor him, that he has had the independence to rise superior to the trammels of party, and proclaim his fidelity to the Union and the institutions of the South.

In regard to his political opinions, Col. Gentry stands to-day where he has ever stood, a whig. He is a whig—not in name merely, as we understand him, nor acknowledging his obligation to follow the behests and submit to the dictation of an irresponsible faction, that may get the temporary lead of the party. But a whig, as every patriot should be, in subordination to the interests, the prosperity, the glory of his country. Who does not honor such a man. Who is not proud of a party, whose boast it ever has been, and we trust ever may be, that its members claim and exercise the right to think and determine for themselves the course of policy, which it is their duty to pursue, and refuse to be led blindly by the nose in any direction which it may suit the convenience or interest of the self-constituted party leaders to turn them?

Col. Gentry is a sagacious politician, as well as a bold, fearless, honest man. His political predictions heretofore, have been verified with wonderful exactness. We have witnessed the truth and justice of his conclusions in regard to future political developments; and would it not be well to wait before pronouncing any judgment against him, to see if he is not right again? He has never deceived his constituents, nor do we believe that he will now. His antecedents are all good, and we have an abiding confidence in his sound judgment and discretion. There is no necessity for any whig to make up a hasty verdict against him. He could have been actuated by no selfish motives in his course. Col. Gentry was not then, nor did he ever expect to be, a candidate for office: nor do we know that he is now or will be again. All his arrangements have been made with a view of retiring from the political arena. His interests demanded such a course, and he had felicitated himself upon the prospect of retiring "at peace with the world." Nothing could induce him to forego his determination, but the belief that it was his duty to his section of the country to again enter the lists in defence of its rights. Col. Gentry has always been national in his feelings and policy. But if the political issues of the day should assume a sectional cast, we believe that he will be found on the side of the South. We trust, however, that the agitation will now cease. It is in the power of the President elect to put an eternal quietus upon it, if he have the firmness to resist the dangers by which he is environed. We trust he may have. In his efforts to effect this he will certainly receive Col. Gentry's earnest co-operation, as we trust he will that of every southern whig member of Congress. While we know this of Col. Gentry, we do not believe that he ever will be less a whig than he is now. With his

present position on that subject we are perfectly satisfied. Although in the canvass, viewing matters in a light different from that in which he may many others of our whig brethren saw the issues of the canvass, we differed, that is past. And as we claim honesty and a good purpose to have actuated us, so we are willing to admit that our friends were influenced by motives equally pure. Human judgment is fallible, and while we are liable to attribute error to others, it may be well to reflect that possibly we may have committed the error ourselves. It is told of a man confined in a mad house, that, upon being asked by a friend who visited him: "what he was doing there?" he replied: "I thought the world was mad and the world thought me mad, but they having the majority have put me here." We have not even this consolation in the matter. The majority is decidedly against us, and in favor of those who thought with Col. Gentry and the other whigs who refused to support Gen. Scott. They may be right. Let us at least wait and see.

From the Augusta Chronicle & Sentinel.
COPPER MINE IN TENNESSEE.

In the last Dalton Times we find the following notice of a Copper Mine in Polk co., Tenn. We are informed that the indications in the vicinity of this mine are very flattering for still further and very valuable developments of Copper Ore.

Another evidence of the Resources of the South.—Every few days our streets present a lively appearance from the influx of wagons, loaded with Copper Ore, on its way to N. York. This Ore, we understand, comes from the Hiwassee mines, located in Polk county Tenn., about five miles from the State line of North Carolina and Georgia.

The region of country is a primitive formation, and abounds in minerals.

The veins run longitudinally, in a series of hills, in a North East and South West direction; they being a spur of the Alleghany range of mountains.

The ore is principally Black Oxide of copper, yielding, we understand, from ten to seventy per cent of pure metal.

The Black Oxide is found at a distance of about forty feet from the surface; the vein here being fifteen feet wide, on an average. Below the stratum of Black Oxide, the vein gradually increases in width, as you go down, and produces yellow sulphuret of copper. Several hundred tons have already been taken out of the mine.

The company is constructing a plank road from the mine, down the bank of the Oconee river, to Cleveland.

So soon as this is completed, the amount sent forward to market, will be largely increased. This mine is worked by a company from the city of New York. The mining operations are under the supervision of an able minor from Cornwall.

We understand he has had much experience in the mines of Mexico, Cuba, Cornwall, and the United States; and pronounces the prospect here, to be equal, if not superior, to any he has ever before seen. We have long been familiar with the fact, that we had vast mineral resources in our neighborhood; and it is a humiliating reflection, that these sources of wealth remain undeveloped, except by capitalists from abroad. Were our beds of Iron, Coal, Marble, Copper, &c., located in a section of country, where people have enterprise enough to work them, they would prove to be sources of wealth, far beyond the expectations of those who have never estimated their true value.

Death of Hon. John W. Crockett.—The announcement of the death of this distinguished gentleman will be heard with sadness and great regret by every citizen. His is a name long since endeared to the people of the south-west by the uncorrupted honesty, and bold and manly daring of a Father, whose history is a portion of the history of our State, and who fell at the Alamo fighting to the latest breath for the independence of his adopted country. John W. Crockett was the worthy son of the late David Crockett, with an accomplished education, quick perception, and vigorous mind, he was enabled in early manhood to take a high position in the profession he had adopted, and the people of West Tennessee will long remember him as an able and successful lawyer. Like his Father, Mr. Crockett possessed those qualities requisite to make him a favorite with the people, and at a comparatively early age, was called upon to serve them in the Congress of the United States. There he distinguished himself by devotion to the interest of his constituents, and a patriotism and honesty of purpose, which gave him an enviable position among his fellow members.

After serving two sessions (we believe) in Congress, he declined another election and removed to New Orleans to become editor of a daily paper. In this capacity, he also gained great reputation, and was universally respected for his talent, urbanity and courtesy. After several years absence, Mr. Crockett returned to his native State, and again commenced the vigorous prosecution of his profession in the city of Memphis. In a very short time, he secured an excellent practice, and by his kindness of heart, social disposition and noble qualities had attracted around him a host of warm and admiring friends. We knew him well, and loved him for his many virtues. Peace to his ashes. Mr. Crockett died at Memphis, of pneumonia, on the night of the 24th ult.—*Nashville Banner.*

Two Brothers in Congress.—E. R. Washburn Esq., just elected to Congress in Illinois, is a brother to Israel Washburn, recently elected in Maine. They are the sons of Israel Washburn, Esq., of Maine. This is probably the first instance of two brothers meeting together in Congress, from two extremes of the Union, both whigs, and friends by trade, and both highly esteemed for their talents and moral worth.—"These are my jewels" truly the father might exclaim.

A gentleman being asked whether he was seriously injured when a steam boiler exploded, replied—"I have become so used to being blown up by my wife, that mere steam has no effect upon me."

ARRIVAL OF THE AMERICA AT BOSTON
BOSTON, Nov. 24th.—The America reached her wharf this morning. The English papers contain very little of importance. Commercial advices from the East more favorable. Money was abundant at Bombay and Calcutta. Exports lively. Freight to London and Liverpool £2. 7s. 6d. @ £2. 10s.

Latest advices from Paris state that the time-serving Judges and Perfected were already filling the jails with parties who are even suspected of opposition to the tyrant and usurper. The slightest pretences are made use of for arrests.—France may remain quiet, but Europe hardly can.

In the English Parliament Lord John Russell had denounced the evasive policy of the Government. Lord Palmerston said the country demanded of the House a declaration in favor of the present commercial policy.

The Queen, in her speech at the opening of Parliament, congratulates the country on its prosperous condition, and hints vaguely at protection, as follows:—
"If you should be of opinion that recent legislation in contributing with other causes, to this happy result, has, at the same time, inflicted unavoidable injustice on certain important interests, I recommended you dispassionately to consider how, as far as it may be practicable, equitably to mitigate that injury, and to enable the industry of the country to meet successfully that unrestricted competition to which Parliament in its wisdom has decided it should be subjected."

She trusts that improvement has extended to Ireland, and recommends a generous policy to that country; announces the appointment of a Commissioner of Inquiry on Ecclesiastical matters; recommends University reform; and would rejoice if the transportation of convicts to Van Diemen's Land were dispensed with.

Message of the Governor of South Carolina.

CHARLESTON, Nov. 23.—The message of the Governor was delivered to both Houses of the Legislature to-day. The following is an abstract of its more important features:

It represents the State Bank to be in a highly prosperous condition, the profits during the year amounting to nine per cent. He recommends its recharter, with additional capital.

The Governor expresses opposition to public executions and whipping, and recommends an amendment of the act of 1848, to prevent colored persons from entering the State, so as to meet cases similar to that of the British ship Clyde. A colored seaman of that vessel, he states, has sued the sheriff for false imprisonment, and self-respect demands that we should not abate one jot or tittle of the law. He recommends that the Legislature subscribe \$1,000,000, to the Blue Ridge Railroad, and continue the Commissioners in regard to the removal of the Charleston bar, until the work is actually commenced by the General Government.

The message concludes by congratulating the State on the present calm, but expresses fears that it will be of but short duration, and hopes that the Southern States, on a recurrence of their aggressions, (which will surely come,) will rise in the majesty of their strength, and, in conjunction with South Carolina, either force their rights to be respected or take their place as a Southern Confederacy among the nations of the earth.

Death of the Hon. John Sergeant.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 24th.—The Hon. John Sergeant, of this city, died last night in the 73d year of his age. He was one of the most prominent politicians of Pennsylvania, and had filled many important stations. He was a member of Congress at the time of the Missouri controversy, and was one of the strongest advocates of the compromise adopted at the time. In 1832 he was a candidate for the Vice Presidency on the ticket with Mr. Clay, who ran against General Jackson.

The Revolution in Mexico.

NEW ORLEANS, Nov. 22.—The Picayune has received letters from the city of Mexico, which state that Arista has demanded to head the troops in person against the Revolutionists.—Gen. Urquiza, who has joined the latter, asserts that if he should prove successful in the overthrow of the government, he will not accept any public office as its reward.

The French Minister at Mexico has received letters from his Government, calling him to France.

The Tehuantepec commission has finally left its proposals for the decision of the government.

Honors to the Memory of Mr. Webster.

CONCORD, N. H., Nov. 24.—The House of Representatives has voted to suspend the statute requiring the meeting of the Presidential electors of the State on the 10th, in order to enable the Legislature to attend the Webster obsequies at Boston in a Body.

To-morrow has been fixed for the election of a United States Senator.

Death of the Hon. Walter Forward.

PITTSBURGH, Nov. 24th.—The Hon. Walter Forward died this morning of bilious cholera, aged 65, having been sick but three days. He has filled many important stations, having represented Allegheny county in Congress for many years, was Secretary of the Treasury under President Tyler, and Minister to Denmark. He was, up to the time of his death, Judge of the District Court, and is much lamented by the community.

Maine Liquor Law Convention.

PITTSBURGH, Nov. 24th.—A convention of the friends of the Maine Liquor Law was held at the Baptist Church to-day. Resolutions were adopted urging the most efficient efforts of the law in the Legislature at the coming session.

New Hampshire Senator.

CONCORD, Nov. 24.—The Democrats of the Legislature have nominated Chas. G. Artherton for United States Senator, to succeed John P. Hale. The whigs have nominated John Perley.

New Jersey Official Vote.

TRENTON, Nov. 23.—The official vote of New Jersey is as follows: Pierce, 44,293; Scott, 38,540; Hale, 259; Broom, 813.

Bank of Mercantile.—The Exchange Bank of Tennessee at this place has commenced operation. The denominations of the bills are 1's 2's 3's and 5's, handsomely executed. This, we trust, will make change more plentiful in two senses. The Bank is owned by our towns-men, Messrs. W. & J. Spence, men who have managed their own affairs, and whose industry, enterprise and obliging disposition have secured for them the entire confidence of the community. We wish them great success in their new undertaking.—*Murf. News.*

A man who has no bills against him, belongs to the order of no bill fly in more than one sense.

A Strange Offer.—We are informed by parties that profess to be well instructed in the whole matter, that the Atlantic and Pacific Steamship Company has offered to our Government to take immediate means to protect themselves or our flag from the insults of the Spanish authorities of Cuba, at its own expense, thereby relieving the Government from further trouble or expense in the matter. The proposition, if true, is certainly a very strange one, and its very novelty will frighten our present administration out of its senses. It will have to ascertain the sentiments of England on the subject, before it will dare to move.—*New-York Day Book.*

An article in the 'New York Herald' shows what this company's means and appliances are:

The Law line contains nine or ten large steamers. They could be transformed into powerful war steamers in a couple of weeks, each capable of carrying to Cuba, in five days from any part of the United States, 4000 to 5000 good troops—amounting in round numbers, to 40,000 or 50,000 men—all eager for action. George Law himself, has also on hand about 120,000 or 140,000 muskets, and ammunition for a campaign of a month in Cuba, could be got in ten days. If the Government of the United States were only to stand by and see fair play. Law could expel the Spanish power from Cuba without any aid from the public purse, but merely by his own resources, in less than three months.—He has the war steamers all ready—the arms and ammunition all ready at any moment to join the crusade, and close forever the Spanish authority on this continent.

Louis Bonaparte, Emperor.—How instructive and admonitory are the lessons of history, if practically applied! How often does it happen, in the cycle of a few years, that the wisest and strongest combinations fall a prey to untoward circumstances or unforeseen events! But yesterday as it were, (what are thirty-eight years in the history of time?) the combined powers of England and France shivered to atoms, and reduced to a cipher the proud monuments of Napoleon's empire. Time rolled on—Governments were convulsed—Europe wrapt in social and political revolutions—England alone remaining steadfast—and in a brief spasmodic convulsion of the "elements of Republicanism" in France, another Empire is proclaimed, a second Bonaparte placed on the throne! It were well for statesmen to ponder with solicitude, on the vast difference in the present posture of the various European and Continental Governments, from what it was in 1810-15. The general spirit of the age is different. International ties are different—the voice of popular commotion is more potent—the still small voice of conscience less persuasive. The basis of international treaty has been widened, if not weakened. The objects of commercial aggrandizements more extending and yet more dazzling. The pressure of a crowded population—eager for change and bold for revolution—has broken down many of the former barriers which shielded the strong arm of power. England holds her colonies and rules Ireland with less imposing sway. Commerce, and the reflective influence of American Republicanism has imparted new zeal and kindled new hopes in every niche and corner of the civilized world.

Now are these reflections less interesting to the people of the United States. Here, too, the rude shock of wild progress has weakened the influence of past admonitions. These wise and salutary lessons of experience are, in part, fading from the recollection of our people, to be followed by Jacobinical associations and foreign entanglements.

Our great men sleep in the tomb. A new order of things, and a new class of men, "rule the day." Progress is the watch word, and foreign territory the object of too many of the would-be statesmen of the United States. The salutary lessons of the "Father of the Republic" are forgotten. Any measure that is supposed to be popular, right or wrong, is but too eagerly seized hold of. This, we fear, is the rock on which we are to split. Experience gives way to impulse.

But we are not extending beyond what we designed, which was to remark that the French Empire, headed by a Bonaparte, had wrongs to avenge, insults to wipe out, and that no means would be spared to accomplish both. How far this is to affect America we will not now consider. We shall, however, return again to the subject.—*Richmond Whig.*

The Itch Cured in Three Hours.—Dr. Bazin, physician of the hospital Saint Louis of Paris, introduced not long ago a notable improvement in the treatment of the itch, which he succeeded in curing the disease in two days by general friction with sulphur ointment. Dr. Hardy, who succeeded Dr. Bazin in the St. Louis wards of the same hospital, has, however, considerably curtailed this already short time; he cures his patients in two hours. The method is described as follows:

Patients are no longer admitted into the house for the treatment of the itch, as two hours suffice to render contagion impossible and the recovery almost certain. The patient is put into a warm bath, and rubbed for an hour with yellow soap; he then passes into a clean bath; where he continues to cleanse his skin for another hour. After leaving this bath he is taken to a particular room fitted for the purpose, and is rubbed all over for half an hour with the following ointment: Axunge eight parts, flour of sulphur two parts, carbonate of potash one part.—After this friction, the patient is examined and sent away cured, though sometimes pretty numerous vesicles on the hand arise elsewhere. The ointment does not have hardly had two or three relapses. The number of itch patients had considerably diminished, as none are now turned away for want of room; and the disease has thus spread with much less rapidity.—*London Lancet.*

A Whig friend says—"Let's give Mr. Pierce a fair trial." So say we. As a general rule the Whigs never do condemn a political opponent in advance. In this case, they only say that "Judging from the past, and looking to the probable emergencies of the future, Winfield Scott would have made the better President of the two." A majority of the American people, however, it seems, have thought and decided differently, and as true democrats, we submit without a murmur their fiat.

Cows well fed in winter, give more milk in summer. An ox that is in good condition in the spring will perform more labor, and stand the heat of summer better than one that is poor.

First Ride on a Railroad.—We have often thought that, to a person who saw a train of cars in motion, the sight must be most marvellous and astounding. As Jack Downing once said,—"twas queer to see a hull lot of wagons chuck full of people, and things a-going off in that ere speed, and no boss to draw em." A genius of the sort referred to, lately made his experimental trip. He was a greenhorn, a genuine backwoodsman, who feared nothing in the shape of man or beast, but any thing that he could not understand puzzled him even more than it did, perhaps, the ordinary run of his fellows. Well, he came to Cartersville a short time since, for the purpose of taking his first railroad trip.

He'd heard tell o' em, but didn't believe, he said, half of the nonsense folks said about 'em. When the cars arrived at the place, on he was elated in anticipating his intended ride. As the cars approached, he stood gazing with wonder and awe at the engine, puffing and smoking.—Following the example of others, as soon as the cars stopped he hurried aboard, with his sabbie bags upon his arms, and seated himself near a window. Then looking around at the passengers, manifesting much surprise he put his head out of the window to see the "critter start"; while in his position, watching with much anxiety, the whistle sounded. Our hero, much surprised, and evidently a little alarmed, drew back his head with a motion that might be called a jerk, and turning to a gentleman sitting near him, said:

"Well, stranger, did you ever hear such a sort as that?"

"The engine," suggested the other.

"Well, I don't know what it is, but—hallow, how she goes!"

"Guess you are not acquainted with railroad traveling?"

"Hang it, no! haint they ran away? Creation he it jerks!"

"It's all safe enough, you may rely, the cars are starting."

"That's all; well, stranger, I ain't afraid, you know, but kinder surprised like, that's all," said the mountain boy, half ashamed. "I golly, stranger, did you ever hear that ere sort? It beats daisy's jacks, and he's a roarer, no mistake. Whew, how it does puff! somethin' bustin' 'em sure."

"O, fidget it's all right," said the other, setting himself for a nap.

"I s'wore I don't see how you can sleep, dazed if I do!"

"Nothing like getting used to it," said the other. You've heard of the eels that had been skinned so many times they rather liked it, and used to come ashore every few days to get their hides taken off, ha'nt you?"

"You're gassin, stranger."

The bell rang, the engines moved off, away went the cars at rapid speed, and before our hero had recovered from the shock which the "snort" produced, the cars were moving slowly over Etowa bridge. Discovering a change in its gait, he popped his head out of the window again, "to see how it moved," saw that it was some distance from the ground, and supposing the "critter" was flying, swooned, and fell from his seat speechless. Several gentlemen sitting near caught hold of him, raised him up, shook him and rubbed him until he revived a little.

"The man's crazy," suggested some of the bystanders, sagely.

No, he's not," answered he, who had before said, "he's frightened."

"Frightened?"

"Yes, scared half to death."

"About what?"

"The cars; he never was in a train before; he told me so."

A hearty laugh ran through those about the half-fainting man, which had the effect to arouse him to consciousness, at least partially so, for his breath began to come and go more regularly, and at last he opened his eyes as saucers, and seeing several of the gentlemen who had just come to his assistance about him, he looked up most beseechingly in the face of one them, and said—

"Stranger, has it lit?"—*Flag of our Union.*

Beautiful Extract.—You cannot go into the meadow and pluck up a single daisy by the roots, without breaking up a society of nice relations, and detecting a principle more extensive and refined than mere gravitation. The handful of earth that follows the tiny roots of that little flower, is replete with social elements. A little social circle had been formed around that germinating daisy. The sun-beam and the dew-drop met there, and the soft summer breeze came whispering through the tall grass to join the silent concert. And the earth took them to her bosom, and introduced them to the daisy gem; and they all went to work to show that flower to the sun. Each mingled in the honeyed influence, and they nursed the "wee canny thing" with an almitment that made it grow. And when it lifted its eyes towards the sky, they were a soft carpet of grass for its feet. And the sun saw it through the grass leaves, and smiled, as he passed on; and then, by starlight and moonlight, they worked on. And the daisy lifted up its head, and one morning while the sun was looking it up on its silver rimmed diadem, and showed its yellow petals to the stars. And it nodded to the little birds that were swimming in the sky. And all them that had silver-lined wings, and birds in black, gray and quaker brown came; and the querulous blue bird, and the courtier yellow bird came; and each sung a native air at the coronation of that daisy.—*Ex.*

Honest Labor.—Labor, honest labor, is mighty and beautiful. Activity is the ruling element of life, and its highest relief. Luxuries and conquests are the results of labor; we can imagine nothing without it. The noblest man of earth is he who puts his hands cheerfully and proudly to honest labor. Labor is a business and confidence of God. Sweat labor, and where is the glory and pomp of earth, the fruits, fields, and palaces, and the fashionings of matter for which men strive and war? Let the laborer look around him, look to himself, and learn what are the trophies. From the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, unless he is Carib, naked as the beast, he is the debtor and slave of toil. The laborer which he seems has tricked him into the stature and appearance of a man, where he gets his garments and equipage, let labor answer?—Labor—which makes music in the mine, the furrow and the forge. O, scorn labor, do you—man who never yet earned a morsel of bread?—Labor pities you, proud fool—laughs you to scorn. You shall pass to dust, forgotten, but labor will live on forever, glorious in its conquests and monuments.—*Ex.*

Death of an Editor.—We omitted at the time, to notice the death of our late friend and contemporary, THOS. M. SMYTH, Esq., Editor of the 'Virginia Recorder,' a family paper recently started at Buchanan, in this State. He died suddenly at his residence in that place a few weeks ago, just as he began to be esteemed for his usefulness and talent. For several years past, he had been known as an eloquent and effective Temperance Lecturer, but he was cut off in the midst of his career, and left his harvest of glory ungathered.—*Abingdon Virginian.*

Jerome Bonaparte and Louis Napoleon.—The London Morning Chronicle's correspondent gives the following item:

This morning the ex-King Jerome, accompanied by his son, Napoleon Bonaparte, went to St. Cloud, when the ex-King declared to Louis Napoleon that he felt the exclusion of his family from the succession as so great an insult to himself and his name, that he was determined to resign not only the office of President of the Senate, but that of Governor of the Invalides, and the only dignity he would continue to hold was that of Marshal of France.

Louis Napoleon endeavored to calm the irritation of the old man, and to induce him to change his mind. He stated that although he and his family were not to be mentioned in the Senatus Consultum, they were not, therefore, excluded from all hopes of the succession. He (Louis Napoleon) would still have the power of adopting Napoleon Bonaparte, if he should have no family of his own—and his intention was to do so, if he showed that he was deserving of the trust, and could, by his conduct, gain the confidence of the country. Louis Napoleon added, that in the meantime he was willing to place Napoleon Bonaparte in a position of trust and dignity.

The affair remains in this position for the present—but I understand that the ex-King persists in his determination to resign both of the Presidency of the Senate and the Governorship of the Invalides.

Advice to Wives.—A wife must learn how to form her husband's happiness—in what direction the secret of his comfort lies; she must not cherish his weaknesses by working upon them; she must not rashly run counter to his projects.—Her motto must be never to draw largely upon the small stock of patience in man's nature; not to increase obstinacy by trying to drive him; never, if possible, to have scenes. I doubt much if a real quarrel even if made up does not loosen the bonds between man and wife, and sometimes lastingly. If irritation should occur, a woman must expect to hear from man a strength and vehemence of language far more than the occasion requires. Mild as well as stern men are prone to this exaggeration of language. Let not a woman be tempted ever to say anything sarcastic or violent in retaliation. The bitterest repentance must needs follow such an indulgence if she does. Men very frequently forget what they have said, but seldom what is uttered by their wives. They are grateful, too, for forbearance in such cases; whilst asserting most loudly that they are right, they are often conscious that they are wrong. Give a little time, as the greatest boon you can bestow, to the irritated feelings of your husband.

Influence of a Newspaper.—A school teacher who has been engaged a long time in his profession, and witnessed the influence of a newspaper upon the minds of a family of children, writes to the editor of the Ogdensburg (N. Y.) Sentinel as follows:

I have found it to be a universal fact without exception, that those scholars of both sexes and of all ages, who have had access to newspapers at home, when compared with those who have not, are

1. Better readers, excelling in pronunciation and emphasis and consequently read more understandingly.

2. They are better spellers, and define words with greater ease and accuracy.

3. They obtain a practical knowledge of geography, in almost half the time it requires others, as the newspapers have made them familiar with the location of the important places, nations, their Governments and doings on the globe.

4. They are better Grammarians, for having become so familiar with every variety of style, in the newspaper from the common place advertisement to the finished and classical oration of the statesman, they more readily comprehend the meaning of the text, and consequently analyze its constructions with accuracy.

5. They write better composition, using better language, containing more thoughts, more clearly and connectedly expressed.

6. Those young men who have years been readers of newspapers, are always taking the lead in the debating society, exhibiting a more extensive knowledge upon a greater variety of subjects, and expressing their views with greater fluency, clearness and correctness in their use of language.

A Woman's Laugh.—A woman has no natural grace more bewitching than a sweet laugh. It is like the sound of flutes on the water. It leaps from the heart in a clear sparkling rill, and the heart that hears it feels as if bathed in the cool, exhilarating spring. Have you ever pursued an unseen fugitive through the trees, heard by her fairy laugh, now here, now there, now lost, now found? We have. And we are pursuing that wandering voice to this day.—Sometimes it comes to us in the midst of care, of sorrow, or irksome business, and then we turn away, and listen and it is ringing through the room like a silver bell, with power to scare away all the ill spirits of the universe. How much we owe to that sweet laugh! It turns the prosa of our life into the poetry, it flings showers of sunshine over the darkest wood through which we are traveling, it touches with light even our sleep, which is no more the image of death, but gemmed with dreams that are shadows of immortality.

Filling teeth over exposed Nerves.—Dr. S. P. Hullihan, of Wheeling, Virginia, has discovered a method whereby the cavities of teeth over exposed nerves may be successfully plugged up. It is this. The diseased parts of the tooth is removed to make it apparent that the nerve is exposed. The fang is perforated through the gum into the nerve cavity. The opening should be about the size of a small knitting needle; its object is to open the blood vessels of the nerve, which will at once be known by the flow of arterial blood. The cavity of the tooth may then be filled without the least fear of pain or ill consequence. This plan has been successfully practiced in a great number of cases. Hitherto a tooth having an exposed nerve could not be filled and prevent pain and toothache.—*Scientific American.*

Severe.—A quaint old gent not a hundred miles from here, who is withal one of our active stirring men, had a man at work in his garden who was quite the reverse. "Mr. Jones," said he to him one morning, "did you ever see a snail?" "Certainly," said Jones. "Then," said the boy, "you must have met him, for you could never overtake him."

To Editors.—A journeyman printer named Joseph Stevens, of Fort Wayne, Indiana, left home in 1844, and was last heard of in 1847.—His parents are in great distress on his account and will be thankful to any one who will give them any information of him. Address Mr. D. Stevens, Fort Wayne, Indiana. Editors every where please copy.